

Bob's

Volume 1, Issue 3 June 17, 1993

Annex

Editor's Note:

Eventually people get to the point in their lives where they realize exactly what their limits are. This comes after the child mentality where everything to come is exciting, you just haven't reached it yet.

It comes after the time when you've got the young teenage mentality where you think you know everything, and you've been waiting for that glorious day when you can take care of yourself and leave your seemingly unimportant family behind.

It even comes after the time when you start to try all the things your parents told you not to do because you didn't believe them. The time when you realize that maybe they were right, but that perhaps they just might be wrong.

And you cling to that belief. The one that says, "I have to be right."

And sometimes you are.

Other times, however...

When you do reach that point, though, you tend to wonder. When you know that you do have limits, and when you know what they are, it tends to make you say, "Why bother? What's the point?"

However, as much as that is totally annoying, there is a major bonus to having this happen, and that is that you know exactly what you can do.

I met that realization with Bob's Annex. My hopes for this magazine were so high. I pictured everyone reading Bob's Annex, and I pictured it a smash hit.

What I got was a magazine full of mediocre stories & art. I mean, it was good art. And the stories were entertaining. But they lost something in the translation. Without more art & writing to back it up, it seemed insignificant compared to the Imagination.

It was, however, at the same time I realized my faults that I also realized my strongest tool: Purpose.

Annex wasn't just a magazine. It was a way to fight back. They screw me, I screw 'em back sort of thing. It was a symbol of our tenaciousness. It proved that there is some amount of fight left in the, "I know my limits," school.

My point being, we're all screwed once or twice. There will always be one more person above you. One guy who has the final say, and one person who'll totally fuck you over when you think you're in control.

So I say, if you can do it in a legal way, fuck 'em back. There are probably certain times when you shouldn't, but that is where tact & stealth are handy.

However, don't go & say Austin told you to mouth off to your parents and boss. Instead, find a way to make them hear you. If your parents don't listen, get their attention in some kind of creative way (not by self-inflicted wounds). If your boss screws you over, screw him back by working hard enough to get a promotion.

Don't, however, use the timeless and over-used methods (a.k.a. the "S" word). Often, they screw you over more.

I can't say that it hasn't been fun. Three issues of censored material is enough to make anyone interested. We almost caught up with the Imagination, but hey, nobody's perfect.

Until next time, this is me, & I'm gone.

Austin Rich

Editor, Bob's Imagination
Editor, Bob's Annex

(The following was cut from the fourt issue of *Bob's Imagination* by our advisor. It now appears here.)

Hell. Hello. I'm sitting at my computer writing. I have my phones in my ears, listening to Helmet, and I'm wondering: Why am I writing this? I don't really have anything to say.

I suppose that in this final school-sanctioned Bob's Imagination I might expose who my real person is. You know, I have been only slightly involved in this magazine and I can't really say that I have edited all that much, but this magazine, though the idea came from Austin, is my brain-child. Dammit, Bob was my imaginary friend.

It is a sad thing that the faculty member this magazine is sanctioned through is Mrs. Bridgens. She, though she had her reasons, seems to have really attempted to weed out the things in this magazine that would have made it great.

The purpose for this magazine was supposed to be, in my opinion, something similar to the purpose of the writer's response group. That is to get critical feedback from others about your writing. Well, I don't think that this magazine has obtained this purpose. With the writer's response group, even when it itself was school sanctioned, we were free to read anything to the group. When Mrs. Bridgens began to be the faculty editor of the magazine she took a lot of that freedom away. She weakened the purpose. The magazine could have helped a lot of people learn how to write better for better purposes.

To most writers I know the reason for writing has been to relieve tensions. By writing down all of their ideas, and forming stories out of them, writers can learn how to better the world around them because they start to understand the things inside themselves that make them react to the screwed up things they deal with in a school society.

The people I feel are serious about writing write about things that touch aspects of what they have to deal with in real life. These people help themselves understand exactly how they feel and learn how to express their ideas to other people. If any writer is dealing with sex issues in his or her life, and wants to write about it, it would be nice to have these things read; if we aren't allowed to put them in the magazine, because of Mrs. Bridgens, then we have not benefitted the majority of the poeple.

That is why Bob's Annex first began to print stories rejected by Mrs. Bridgens.

-- Un-Pseudonymed [] -- []

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Bob's Annex

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Special Thanks To:

A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.

Damon Brice (And his Computer)

The Bob's Annex Staff:

Brandi Fields

Brandon Burkeen

Ron Horner

Chantel Angot

The Computer Lab's Computer #1

Steven Todd, S. Eller

And my cohort and co-editor, who helped more than before on this issue.

Twisted Deeds

by Brandi Fields

The light of the lamp penetrated my eyes with a subtle, yet sharp sensation. Beads of sweat rolled down the sides of my face. My palms were all clammy. I was trying to look innocent, but I knew that they were on to me. Or maybe it was just me. They had no proof and I know that no one had seen me pull the trigger. What if they found the gun? What will I do? No, that's impossible. I took care of the gun. The river, Silly, ah, yes, the river. How could they find the gun at the bottom of a river?

My alibi. What if they ask me where I was? I know, I sneaked outside from my parents. They thought I was lying in my bed sound asleep. That's it! God, am I good. I'm so good. I've committed the perfect crime and no one will ever find out. (Unless someone spills the beans. So many people are out to get me.) They are going to try to get me. They're all so damn jealous of me. (My looks, my personality, my high standing in this repulsive school.) Everyone wants me for a friend or a fuck.

“Tracy, can you tell us about Liz? Were you close to her?”

What the hell are they thinking? Like I'm really going to spill my guts out saying how much I loved Liz.

“Well I didn't really know her that well. I had her in a few classes. We talked about the basic girl stuff, guys, clothes, and parties.”

“Many other people say you two were close for a long time until your sophomore year.” They knew.

Yes, Liz and I were close, best friends throughout Jr. High. I did love her at one time, and she loved me too.

We used to be heavy into drugs. Our school is right near a college, and we always got into the biggest drug parties. Coke was our thing; it felt so good to be with Liz and to hold her and trip together. Those were the days. I loved to have sex with guys; it was great, but sex with Liz was better.

“Ms. Johnson, are you going to answer our question?”

“Oh, yes, sorry. We were close but we drifted apart. We were still friends but we drifted apart. We were still friends but we didn't share our deepest secrets with each other.”

“Did Liz have any enemies?”

“Well, as you probably saw by her picture, Liz was beautiful. Everyone liked her, the only reason I think anyone would want to kill her would be to get her sappy ass out of this school. I really don't know.”

“Thanks, Tracy. We will be right back. Do you want to use the restroom?”

“No, I'll just sit here and wait.” The two men left the room. Gazing off, I began to think of Liz. I was so hurt the day she told me that she didn't want to be involved with me in a sexual way. That was the worst day of my life. From that day on, I tried to be the most gorgeous girl in our school. I had to make her jealous. The withdrawal I went through, not being near her totally hurt me. I was very depressed, but I didn't want that to show.

When I found out about Nancy, I was furious! Liz had dumped me for someone else. Some dumb airhead bimbo slut. What a bitch, I loved her so god damn much! I would've died for her. Enraged, I went to her house. Her big grin when she opened the door, her nice casual way, like nothing had ever happened. I can still remember our conversation.

“Hello, Tracy, I'm surprised to see you. How have you been?”

“Where do you get off asking me how I am? You should know. My life has turned into a living hell without you. Liz, I love you, I want to be with you and only you.” I begged her.

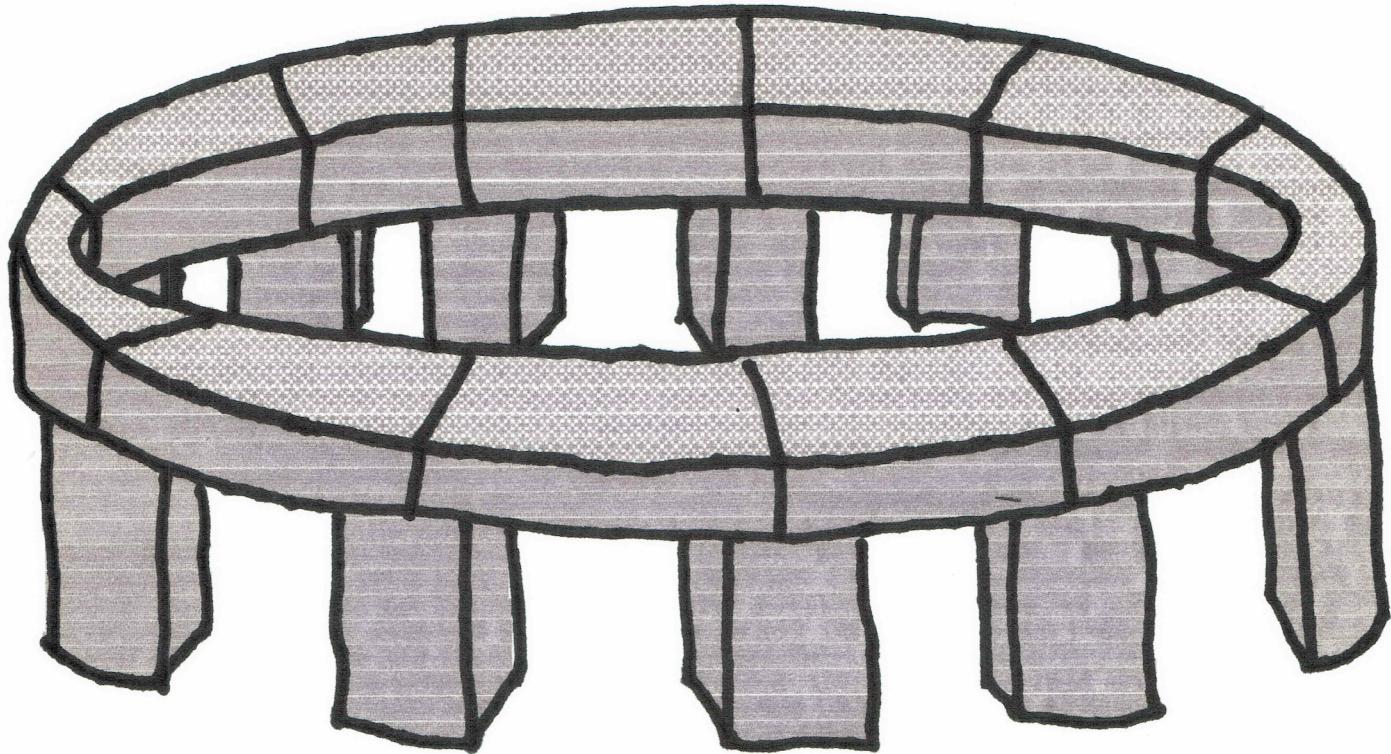
“Tracy, look at yourself. You worthless piece of white trash. What drug are you one now? Acid? You knew that your drug use would ruin our relationship. You drove me away from loving you in that way. I still care for you as a friend.” She patted my shoulder.

Pulling my shoulder back I yelled, “Don't ever touch me. Look at what you've done. Accused my drug use for our breakup. Liz, you're definitely not an angel.”

“Hey, I never said I was. I'm just sick of you. You didn't even give me any pleasure. Hell, I get more pleasure from masturbation.”

“What about Nancy? She's your new lover girl? You think you're so beautiful, don't you? One of these days someone will get you and rip every single blond hair out of your head. Watch out, don't go out alone.” I started to walk away. I felt in my pocket. The gun was still there. I wasn't afraid to kill her.

“Nice, am I suppose to take that as a threat?” She started laughing out loud, so loud it really pissed me off. I was walking out the door and I reached into my pocket and pulled out the gun as if in slow motion. I turned



B R O B S A T T M C S

5 * R R * M S

”How I wish you
were here...”

— Pink Floyd

around and I shot right through her back. Blood splattered everywhere. I ran out through the fields. I made it to my house. Then I remembered the gun.

What am I going to do with the gun? Then in the distance, I heard the raging river and I knew what to do. I dropped the gun into the river and beside the bank, I cleansed myself. In a way I cleansed myself of all sins I had ever committed. I had rid myself of her sick presence in my life. I felt no remorse at all. Slowly I walked back to my house, climbed back into my window, and fell into a deep peaceful sleep. I had pleasant dreams of a world without Liz and I was happy. So tremendously happy, she was gone for good. No more trying to out do her. I was going to be the most popular girl at school. I needed a boyfriend, somebody to keep my mind off of Liz.

The next morning my mother came in with the awful news. I acted sad and totally played my parents off. At school, in the middle of class, I faked a breakdown and went to see my helpful counselor. I love how they don't give a shit about you until someone dies or you try to kill yourself. Then they act like your best friend. Oh, my counselor was putty in my hands.

"Tracy." I was rudely taken from my train of thought by the detective.

"Okay, are you ready for more questions?"

"Why of course. I want to get this over with." I smiled innocently at the fat one hoping to give him a slight thrill, which I accomplished because his eyes jetteted away from my eye contact.

"Since the attack of Liz was so brutal, do you think it was a high school person who killed her?"

"Well, anyone can get a gun and shoot someone, even a high school person." Oh god, why are they writing stuff on their papers? They know!

"That information wasn't released. How did you know?"

It was obvious that I was totally screwed. What should I say, should I turn myself in or what?

"I just heard. Honestly. I'm telling the truth. Why did you write all that down? Do you think I killed her? Because I didn't. Besides, what if I did? I was in bed asleep. The weapon. You'll never find the weapon, not in your lifetime. I'm smart, you see. I hid the gun at the bottom of the river so you can't trace it to me." I flipped out, I gave myself up.

"Tracy, did you kill Liz? It would be better to turn yourself in now."

Tears started flowing down my face. "I loved her, you don't understand. She hurt me. She didn't want me anymore, stupid her. Stupid, stupid, stupid Liz, I hope she's in hell now!"

I knew what the fat man was going to say before he said it. "You are under arrest. You have the right to remain silent." I blocked the words from my ears. Tracy, you stupid fool. You gave yourself away and all you have to blame is yourself.

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Documentary of Insanity

by Steven Todd

"Your ignorance is so amazing!"

"Is my ignorance amazing because I choose not to know or because I know so little?"

"The eagle had landed and now the eagle must die."

"But honestly mom, what do you mean the world is going to end?"

"Hello boys and girls; of course the world is ending!! Haven't you heard? I believe REM said it best, 'It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine'. Wasn't that a fine lyric? The truth is boys and girls the world is ending, and I do feel fine, believe it or not."

Wow, all of that was said by me on a chilly September night at about 11:00. I originally had it on tape but I put it all on paper after waking up with a terrible nightmare where everything, not just my tapes, was recorded over. I dreamt that someone up in heaven had a really nasty headache and got a little mean with his fancy portable CD player.

I had just watched an influential movie. You know, one of those movies where you end up acting like the characters and quoting lines for months.

What I said on that chilly September night had nothing to do with the movie I saw. I just pressed record and started mumbling about what came to mind.

I even talked into a pencil just like it was a microphone or something. It really seemed like the thing to do at the time but when I could no longer find my They Might Be Giants recording the monstrosity of my deed hit me.

Did your parents ever tell you about their favorite actors or actresses? My Grandma told me of coming home late one night with nothing on her mind but, “Reaaly, I do.” The woman that G’mma was imitating might have sounded young and maybe even sultry if G’mma wasn’t in her late 80’s when she told me. That night, she continued, she got wasted and exposed all of her upper body to a mass of men in an attempt to be as sexy and sultry as the late, great, probably killed herself, and had to much sex on her mind, Marilyn Monroe. G’mma claims to be a very lucky person in that the male who ended up winning all of the fist fights for her was a nerdy Christian guy who only took her home and felt her up in her own driveway. G’mma said that if she was not so lucky she would have had sex with another guy and would not have ended up marrying the nerdy Christian guy who died at the age of thirty-five. G’mma still mourns for him after forty-nine years and ever since she moved into our house last year about once a week you could hear a grunt and then an, “OHH, Johnny,” coming from her room. I never did learn her late husband’s name but it’s either Johnny or I know an eighty year old woman who was having a love affair.

It has been a pleasure leading you in a Documentary of Insanity. **Bwahahahaha.**

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Music

by Austin Rich

Black
Evil
Words like “kill” and “death”
It is fast, and loud
I cannot stop it
I listen
It is hate
“I only kill to know I’m alive”
It’s wrong
I listen
I am caught in it
I can’t stop
I love it .
My own private playground to kill in
I hate it
I love it
Black

Gray
Dark
Not evil, just dark
Depression is in it
I can feel it is true
I relate
I listen
It’s both slow and fast
But is full of emotion
Every word, every note

Every sound seeping into me

All of it

Solid emotion

“I just want something I can never have”

Total pain

Personified

I listen

I love it

Gray

Another color

Blue

Not like the sky

But dark like an ocean

Blue

Sound of hope

Of possibility

Yet acknowledging what is wrong

Knowing

Telling me what is wrong

Almost harping on it

It’s the end’on the world as we know it, and I feel fine”

And still

There is hope

The Black is strong

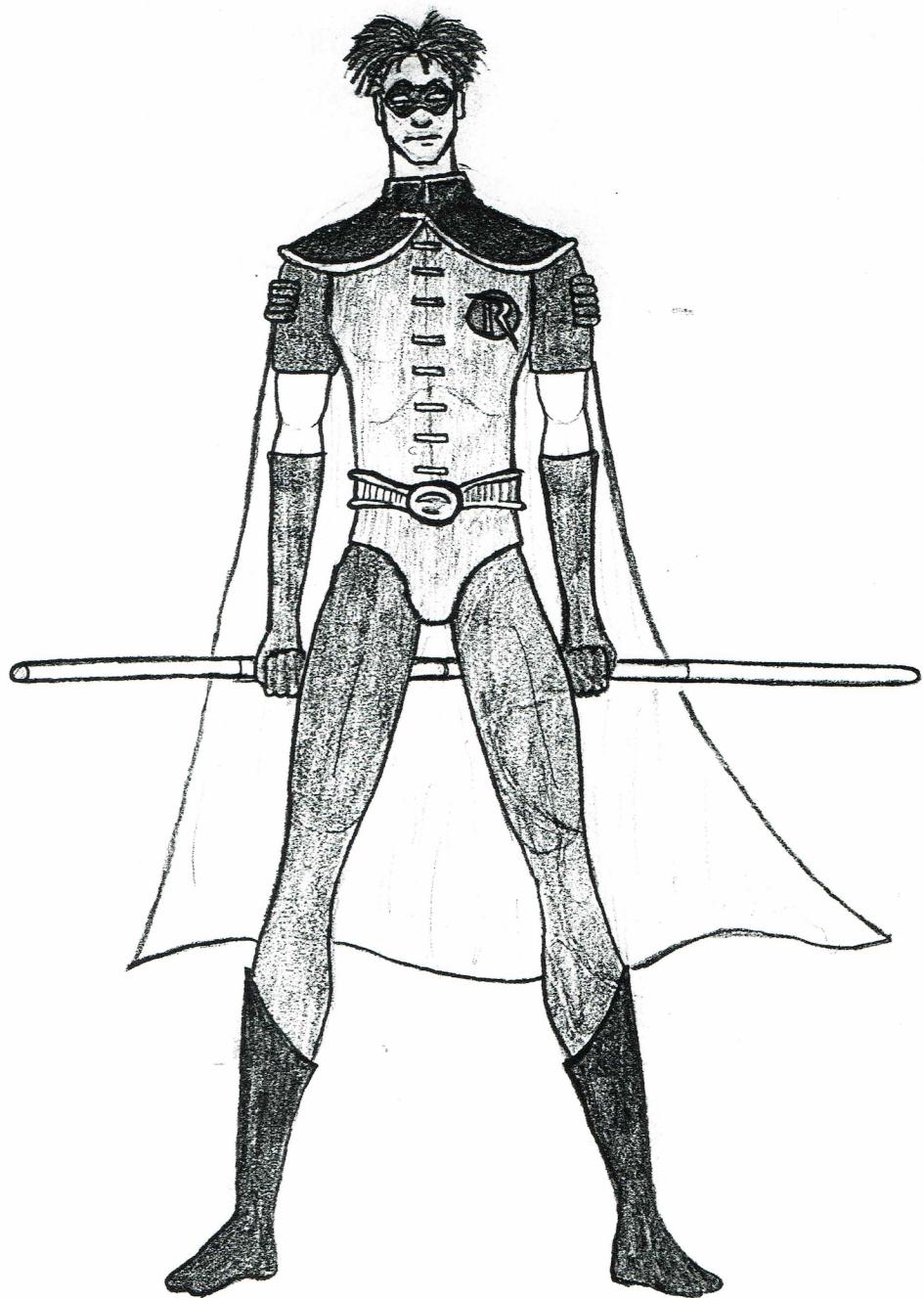
The Blue is strong A

I listen

I like it

I am caught again

In Another color



ROBIN

Smell Soul

by S. Eller

Look you peioe
of my mind gone blank
and I don't see why
we should think
because it seems as if
the end is near
yet far it seems
from mortal fear

come again yet
go away
I don't want to hear
what you say
it makes me sad
you mortal fool
go away and take
your smelly soul.

smelly soul
and your breath smells
your bad news
of all death sales
you always come and
spread your ways
if sent away
you come again

but why should I
worry now
I'll find a way
I will somehow
and if you do not
go away
I'll murder you
and forced to say

I killed you in the
coldest blood
thy eyes will never
see the sun
but I don't care
you won't go
leave now filthy
smelly soul

smelly soul
and your breath smells
your bad news
of all death sales
you always come and
spread your ways
if sent away
you come again

rain rain go away
don't come again another day
your pitter patter seems to say
that I could, that I may
kill the smelly souls today

so far I have
killed none
but alas there
does seem one
deserving of
the mortal death
preaching, teaching
slander sayeth

do you see
you idiot
the dream
for which I've fought
you have your own
but as I see
you are pushing too hard
that it seems

Your soul is smelly
from the rot
you've pushed to hard
and now there's not
a person left
following
your long but
stupid meaning

Smelly Soul
go away
there's new hope
but in other days
you've all but
exhausted
a meaning to life
now just stupid

go away



Paranoid: A Chant

By Stephen King

I can't go out no more.
There's a man by the door
in a raincoat
smoking a cigarette

But

I've put him in my diary
and the mailers are all lined up
on the bed, bloody in the glow
of the bar sign next door

He knows that if I die
(or even drop out of sight)
the diary goes and everyone knows
the CIA's in Virginia

500 mailers bought from
500 drug counters each one different
and 500 notebooks
with 500 pages in everyone.

I am prepared.

I can see him from up here.
His cigarette winks from just
above his trenchcoat collar
and somewhere there's a man on a subway
sitting under a Black Velvet as thinking my name.

Men have discussed me in back rooms.
If the phone rings there's only a dead breath.
In the bar across the street a snubnose
revolver has changed hands in the men's room
Each bullet has my name on it.
My name is written in back files
and looked up in newspaper morgues.

My mother's been investigated;
than God she's dead.

They have writing samples
and examine the back loops of pees
and crosses of tees.

My brother's with them, did I tell you?
His wife is Russian and he
keeps asking me to fill out forms.
I have it in my diary.
Listen—
 listen
 do listen:
 you must listen.

In the rain, at the bus stop.
black crows with black umbrellas
pretend to look at their watches, but
it's not raining. Their eyes are silver dollars.
Some are scholars in the pay of the FBI
most are the foreigners who pour through
our streets. I fooled them
got off the bus at 25th and Lex
where a cabby watched me over his newspaper.

In the room above me an old woman
has put an electric suction cup on her floor
It sends out rays through my light fixture
and now I write in the dark
by the bar sign's glow.

I tell you I **know**.

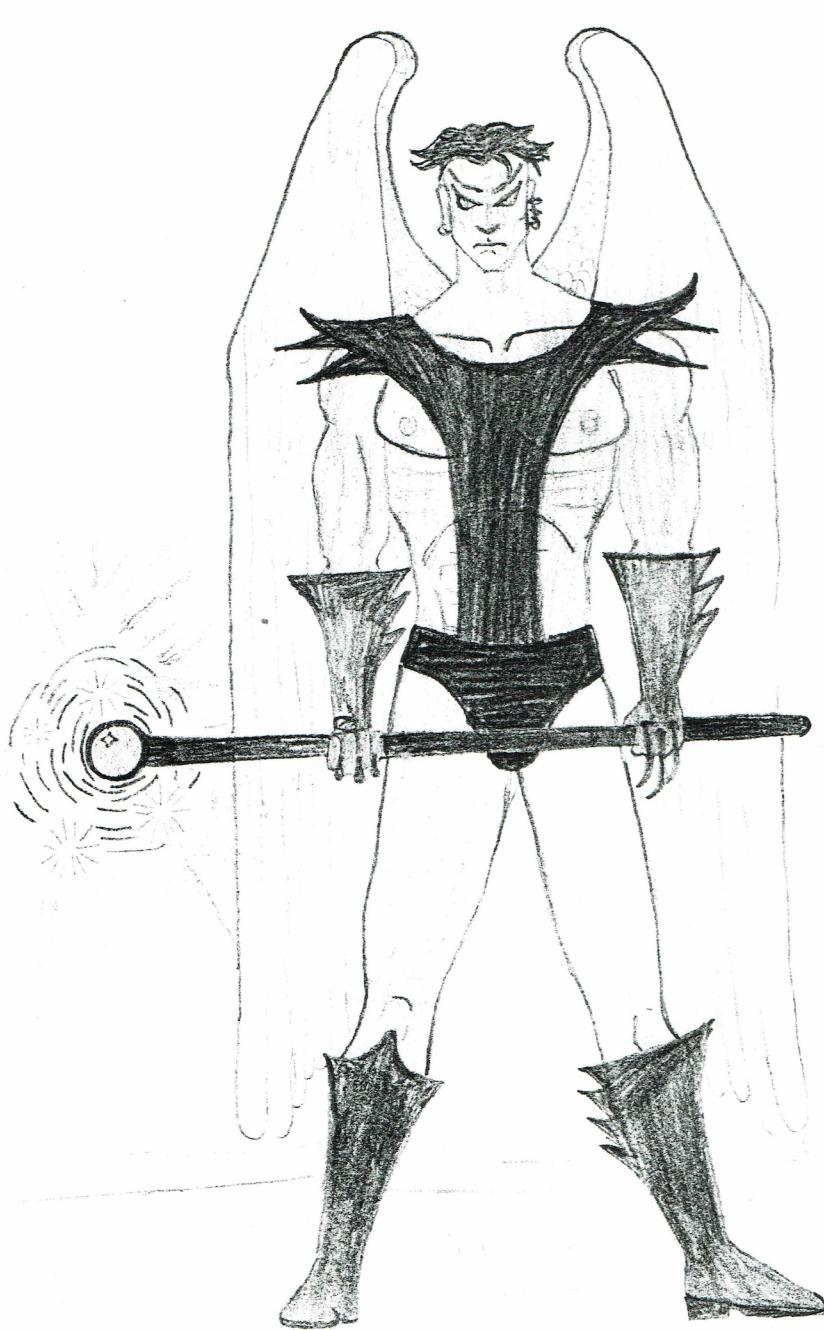
They sent me a dog with brown spots
and a radio cobweb in its nose.
I drowned it in the sink and wrote it up
in folder GAMMA.

I don't look in the mailbox anymore.
The greeting cards are letter-bombs.

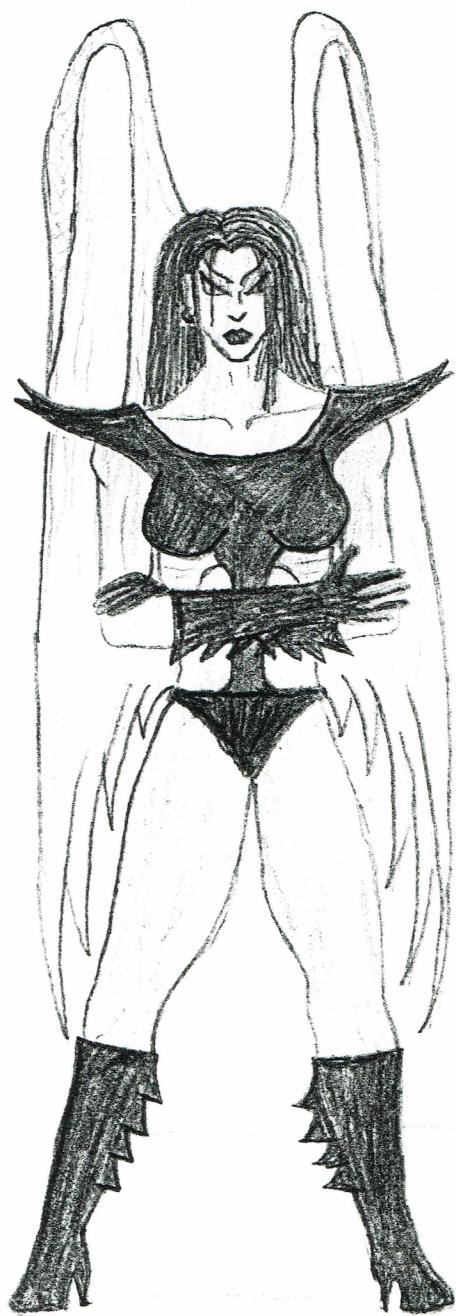
(Step away! Goddam you!
Step away. I know tall people!
I tell you I know **very** tall people!)

The luncheonette is laid with talking floors
and the waitress says it was salt but I know arsenic
when it's put before me. And the yellow taste of mustard
to mask the bitter odor of almonds.

I have seen strange lights in the sky.
Last night a dark man with no face crawled through nine miles
of sewer to surface in my toilet, listening
for phone calls through the cheap wood with
chrome ears.
I tell you, man, I **hear**.



TALON



WING

I saw his muddy handprints
on the porcelain

I don't answer the phone now,
have I told you that?

They are planning to flood the earth with sludge.
They are planning break-ins

They have got physicians
advocating weird sex positions.
They are making addictive laxatives
and suppositories that burn.

They know how to put out the sun
with blowguns.

I pack myself in ice—have I told you that?
It obviates their infrascopes.

I know chants and I wear charms.
You may think you have me but I could destroy you.
any second now.

Any second now.

Any second now.

Would you like some coffee, my love?

Did I tell you I can't go out no more?
There's a man by the door
in a raincoat.

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Closeing Note:

About the issue...

Twisted Deeds (originally printed in the first issue of the Imagination) is here, along with my poem, plenty of art, and some work by S. Eller & Steven Todd. Our Editor's Choice is from Stephen King (you'll love it).

Ron Horner gave me two pieces of art, and he claims to have put two hidden messages in them. Damned it I know what they are.

Right now there is a little homeless man sitting in a cold alley with no food or clothes (at least no clean ones) where the only thing he can think of is the year 1967 when he had enough money to buy a candy bar and a movie ticket.

He often thinks about this due to mental derangement, schizophrenia, paranoia, and a number of dementia's and phobia's. The only way he can maintain what little sanity he used to have is to think of this happy time in his life.

Something to think about when you're bored.

